

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

An anonymous but devoted follower of the New Deal, in a letter recently mailed to the editor of this paper, for opposing the New Deal, therein, it is alleged "you will never see the world on fire." We do not want to see the world on fire. If the world ever does catch on fire, we will join a fire department, and help save everything but the New Deal.

The November 20th issue of "The New Yorker," on page 19, prints a story entitled, "STANLEY SHERWOOD, or the Fireman's Revenge." Mr. Stanley Sherwood, the local poet, clerk, denies it has anything at all to do with him.

The Governor, discussing the labor turmoil in Oregon, expresses curiosity to know who is running the state. The Governor of Ohio, similarly plagued, has a similar desire for information, and states: "Even that C. I. O. affiliate can not invade the sovereign powers of the state of Ohio."

WHAT'S THE TRIP?
(Siskiyou Journal)

"The Salmon River School district is to have a new schoolhouse at last. The last one owned by the district, burned down at Black Gulch about 15 years ago."

The Anti-Lynch Law before Congress, to which Dixie senators object, "is held incomplete." It sure is. Nothing is done about the social atrocity known as a shivaree.

Uncle John Griffin, 87, the pioneer bear killer, who penned a bear story for the Wig Wahpoo, by 8, reports the yarn killed two birds with one stone. This is a good trick, and another feather in Uncle John's trusty rifle.

Thanksgiving has come and gone. A survey shows, as usual, the old folks got all the gizzards, and the kids all the drumsticks.

MORE BURN HOUSING.
(Lyonville (O.) Enterprise)

"Rooms are so scarce in Lyonville that a man made his bed on the sidewalk in Maple avenue near the bank Tuesday afternoon, and slept soundly until he was rudely awakened and led back into the alley to finish his nap."

The Ku Klux Klan is bestirring itself in Oregon, according to press dispatches. It will operate on a tamer basis than 17 years ago, confining its efforts, exclusively to the rounding up of sinners and skinners, and leave the matter of religion to the individual conscience, instead of a bill before the legislature. It will still cost a citizen \$10.00 to run around nights in his shirt-tail, and be identified by his feet. The resurrection of the Klan should add considerable to the prevailing wild life of the state.

Considerable editorial aid is now forthcoming against the pulling of the Presidential tooth, what became of the molar, and its ultimate finish. A ribald Republican press hints Democracy will make some money out of it yet. One Willamette valley editor surmises the pulling of the Rooseveltian bicuspid was on a par with dreamy national leg-pulling by the New Deal, the past five years. Among devout Democrats the tooth pulling is an epoch, that left their own jawbones throbbing. Instead of a dance next January, they should be a Sunday extraction. It would make for a healthier nation, improve business for dentists, and provide a chance to establish an alphabetical authority for the financial reward of citizens, who did not stick their tongue in the cavity, but found no gold. The "economic royalists" could struggle to the dental parlor; the common people and candidates pull their own.

The distance by water from New York to Boston is 144 miles shorter by the Cape Cod canal than by Nantucket lightship.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Nov. 22.—This is the morning after—and we feel certain twinges of remorse. We fear that long hair-pin trip down the coast, the final ten miles in the dark, reduced our customary exuberance more than we suspected and we took it out on the Anderson hotel, San Luis Obispo and William Randolph Hearst. At any rate after a good night's sleep we feel very differently about it this morning. We have even greeted the assembled schoolmams with approval and kindly sentiments, for most of them breakfasted early, allowing us to enjoy our customary orange juice, 3-minute eggs, coffee and toast in a chair with a back to it. We extend to them and the others mentioned our humble apologies. No one but a genius should ever put his opinions on paper, after an exhausting day. No less an authority than O. O. McIntyre maintains that all the creative big shots like owls are only truly awake at night, and around two or three in the morning do their best work. Not so with the common garden variety of mortals, who never should write down their impressions, and really have none,—until after a good night's sleep.

However we do stick to that Maxfield Parrish "castle in the air" which is the favorite abode—or used to be—of the distinguished (not notorious) William Randolph Hearst. Bathed with the slanting rays of the setting sun high up on the tip of a mountain,—it was something out of a picture book, rather than just another show place for tourists, ambling up and down the Pacific coast.

And it did, to our imagination at least, perfectly typify the extraordinary William Randolph Hearst,—for he isn't a typical American, he really doesn't belong to this day and age, in spite of the important part his newspapers have taken in it—he is a strange throw-back, a reincarnation of some feudal baron of the dim and distant past, and this place he selected in which to live shows it. There it stands, a curious mixture of an ancient Norman castle, with battlements and moats, and a Byzantine palace for the Grand Vizier and the Turks, with its onion towers and minarets,—strong, powerful, rich, selfish, self-indulgent, ruthless and REMOTE. And above all something repellent and sinister about it. It must be four or five miles, perhaps eight or ten, from that locked wire gate on the highway to the "top of the hill." There is a good road of course, but we couldn't pick it out,—it must be lost somewhere in the rolling hills, and covered by the masses of greenery tipped by stately cypresses near the top.

There Baron Hearst holds court, and we have an idea were the truth known, it would not differ in any essential particular from the courts held, in feudal times, before the age of chivalry, when each baron was a little king in his own right. Certainly an extraordinary man, and San Simeon an extraordinary sight. Looking far into the future, our guess is it will long remain a fitting monument, to the man whose millions built it—a baron of old resurrected by the democracy of the United States!

The Carmel-San Luis Obispo highway is similar to the Oregon coast and the Crescent City-Eureka highways, not as majestic and pastoral as the former, not as luxuriant and dramatic as the latter, but it gives a truly marvellous aerial view of the great Pacific. Proper guard rails haven't been constructed as yet, and in some places the highway is a trifle narrow, but on a clear day at least the going is perfectly safe. It is no trip to take with a wandering eye however. Miss some of those turns by a foot, and you and your car would be doing a falling leaf, with nothing to hit but solid rock, after a drop of four or five hundred feet.

There is one difference however. There are many ships, going up and down surprisingly near the coast. One two-funnel liner we caught up with and then passed, it was a clear, calm day, and the smoke hung for miles in the air in a line back of it, practically motionless. And the ship seemed to be motionless also. We have been trying to figure out ever since, how to explain this—we weren't going more than 25 or 30 miles an hour, and the ship must have been doing 20 knots. Guess we will have to wait until we get home and can have Fred Scheffel explain it.

Pasadena, November 23d:

Well here we are again in the Chauffeur's paradise. Looking over our log we estimate our actual running time from Medford at 22 hours flat. Only a few years ago that would have been considered speeding,—and it would have been with the highways of that period, and the cars also. But with the modern car and these modern highways,—hundreds and hundreds of miles with three and four lane "speedways"—wider curves, reduced grades, all the way, and except at the big game very little traffic,—and it comes under the heading of safe and sane transportation. Moose Muirhead could cut off five hours from that and not flicker an eye-lash,—or get a ticket either.

Always get a kick out of Los Angeles after a long absence—haven't been all over the world but am sure there is no place just like it anywhere. As we motored down Santa Barbara this afternoon for example what should we see, playing in a field beside the road but a couple of elephants. And a few feet further, there was a lion on a chain pacing back and forth, ending up with a large billboard inviting all and sundry to enter, admission only 50 cents. Whether it was another lion farm or a country circus we didn't stop to inquire. But things like that are taken as a matter of course in or near L. A.

A few miles farther and we sighted two signs,—side by side—one read "27 miles to Los Angeles," the other, "Los Angeles city limits." Just how you can be in the city of Los Angeles and still 27 miles from it would be hard for anyone but a Los Angelean to figure out. But they can do it easily enough, down here. When you need taxes just take everything in sight and make them pay, . . . these two signs for example are on a nut ranch, of about 60 acres,—but it is city property,—and must, we presume pay city taxes.

NEW YORK
Day by Day
by O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—Thoughts while strolling: Our front doorbell back home when pulled used to sound in the kitchen like Nino Martini!

Leading porter game thinking—upstairs—New York—McIntyre and Alexander Woolcott. But I'll still take conversation. Add the gallop—a trot!—Bernard Sobel.

Most unaffected of professional entertainers: Eddie Peabody, the banjoist. Guess Lawrence looks queer to go places and do things. Study in austerity: Judge Samuel Seabury. Harlan's fashion play, Duke Ellington. And he a dude! Ditto Simms Campbell, the artist.

Title for a magazine piece about the loose-wristed boys who switch about the restaurants—Capons of the ride. Some weeks ago a publisher

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

CRACKED LIP IS NO JOKE

When the lip becomes cracked or fissured from chapping or in some cases from exposure to sun—a kind of sunburn of the lip—it is no joke at all. Cracked lip is painful and often very slow to heal. Unless the sufferer is isolated and gives the lip absolute physiological rest, the fissure opens again and again, no matter what remedies are applied. He or more likely she must refrain from talking as well as eating.



laughing. The fissure will heal only when the lip is kept at rest. Avoid moistening the lips with the tongue. Instead apply lip salve or a good lipstick or a lotion made of equal quantities of glycerin, rose water and hazel.

A good remedy for the prevention and relief of chapping of the lip, as well as for "cold sore" herpes is tincture of peroxide. It should be applied three or four times a day with a camel's hair brush and allowed to dry on the lip, to form a protective film which is soothing and favors healing.

Where a crack or fissure has related these simple remedies, it is well to cleanse away any lotion, salve or lipstick, dry the lip as thoroughly as possible, and then paint it with a coat of flexible collodion, while holding the edges of the crack together between thumb and finger.

When carefully applied, such a collodion dressing will keep the edges in apposition and bring about complete healing. Of course the collodion will stick to the dry surface only. It is useless to try to make it stick to the moist surface of the mucous membrane inside the lip. As soon as the dressing comes loose, remove it and apply another. It will not stick if the surface is oily or greasy from salve or lipstick.

Cold Sore Is Rather Hot
At the onset of simple herpes ("cold sore") on lip or around the mouth, indicated by a feeling of ten-

artled him for a book on railroads and locomotives and he spent three weeks prowling the roundhouses, yards and terminals in various parts of the country. As precautionary measure, Harry Staton declares Beebe's bootmaker fashioned a pair of modish gaiters so he could escape if he caught a foot in the switches.

Sport writers are the only scribblers who can guess wrong most of the time and not lose face. Particularly have their forecasts been cock-eyed in championship fights. So much so, indeed, Broadway gamblers list the summations and bet the other way. Schmeling was to be a pushover for Joe Louis and Tommy Farr couldn't survive three rounds with the same fighter. Max Baer was hailed as the great invincible champion. So goes a beffy list of wrong 'uns. The sports writers' saving grace has been their ability to kid themselves and never offer alibis. Almost everybody warns to those who admit they are wrong. Also, no branch of sports is so susceptible to laws of upset as boxing.

Students of men's style say the most perfectly groomed olderster in America is General John Pershing. In uniform, business suit or evening dress. He is costumed sedately, but when he appears on the street even those who may not recognize his face would turn to glance at the magnificent figure. His physique is the delight of tailors. Col. Joseph Ruppert is also a fashion plate among the elders. And there's the octogenarian duke, Col. Creighton Webb.

In my occasional peeks at the Brummels this winter, I find little style change from last. Some of the forward stylists are sporting the Noel Coward sleeve, a sort of puff around the armpits—and pretty terrible, if you ask me. Those exaggerations are all right, perhaps, backed by an Olympian smile, but for the run-of-the-mine duffers they are not so Bond street. Plain colored suits, dark gray, blue and brown, seem the mode, relieved by, well, anything goes—loud shirts, ties and handkerchiefs.

From an etiquette column: "Question—In the bath of a strange house I was a house guest someone suddenly started to open the door. I began to scream. What should I have done?"

My answer would be either that or start making soapuds.

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Kruger In Collision
LONDON, Nov. 26.—(AP)—Otto Kruger, the American film star, suffered face and scalp injuries today when his automobile collided with another in a fog. The actor was on his way to the Eclair studios.

Perique tobacco can be grown on only about 1,000 acres in Louisiana and is used as a blend with other lighter tobacco to form a fine smoking brand.



trouble. Piles. Chronic Cough. High Blood Pressure. Arthritis. Colitis. Nervousness. Appendicitis. Fungus. Eczema. Heart. Liver. Bladder. Kidneys. Lungs. Blood. Urinary Disorders. Herbs will give you relief when others fail. Free consultation.

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store the confidence that has been lost.

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

November 26, 1927
(It was Saturday)
Eleven convicts killed in Thanksgiving day riot at Polson prison battle lasting 24 hours.

Vivian Cox and Elsie Pardee lead high school debaters.

Auto belonging to Charles E. Clay stolen Wednesday, is located at Portland.

Medford-Grant (Portland) high football game for state title still undecided.

Fruitgrowers league at annual meeting in December to ask freight rate cut to eastern points.

Flood conditions prevail upstate as Willamette flushed by heavy rains.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
November 26, 1917
(It was Monday)
Poultry show to be held in empty store room at Main and Bartlett streets.

Crusade started in city to keep chickens at home and penned up.

Valley farmers join dairy co-operative.

Sunday was one of our beautiful fall days. The morning broke bright and clear, one of those mornings that we seldom find anywhere except in Jackson County, Ore., and the result was that there was quite a stir among the auto owners, some going one way and some another—(Eagle Point Eagles).

An addition is being built on the Table Rock store.
Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Arabs Start New Terrorism Reign

JERUSALEM, Nov. 26.—(AP)—Palestine Arabs started a new wave of terrorism today in what police described as retaliation for the death sentence imposed Wednesday on Sheikh Farhan Saadi, Holy Land trouble maker.

Six bombs were exploded in the Gama district. Police arrested a number of suspected terrorists after disturbances at Haifa and Bethlehem.

Castle Fire Damaged
HYTHE, Kent, Nov. 26.—(AP)—Fire seriously damaged the upper rooms of Saltwood castle today. It was in Saltwood that the murderers of Thomas A. Becket slept the night before they rode to Canterbury to slay the archbishop in the cathedral in 1170.

Bank Robbed
GOODWINE, Ill., Nov. 26.—(AP)—Two armed men robbed the Farmers State bank of Goodwine of \$700 today and kidnapped George Bauer, the bookkeeper. They released him six miles out of town.

Post-Death Baby Is Given Chance

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 26.—(AP)—A baby girl brought into the world a few minutes after the death of her 19-year-old mother, Mrs. Robert F. Helms, was "getting on just fine" today.

Doctors at Mercy hospital, where the baby was kept in an incubator, said she had a "fair chance" to live. The baby weighed three pounds, 12 ounces at birth Tuesday night. The mother, wife of a Motor Express company employee, died of an acute cardiac condition.

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COFFEE Golden West Lb. can . . . 26c 3 lb. can . . . 72c	EGGS Strictly Fresh Plenty of them EVERY EGG GUARANTEED	SUGAR C. & H. Pure Cane 10 lb. bags . . 55c 100 lb. bag \$5.29
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PANCAKE FLOUR Pillsbury's big 21½ lb. pkg. 19c
SHORTENING, Pearl . 4 lb. pkg. 43c

CANNED GOODS

CORN Lindy Brand 3 cans 25c 17 oz. cans CASE 24 cans \$1.98	PEAS Lindy Brand 3 cans 25c 17 oz. cans CASE 24 cans \$1.98	TOMATOES Josephine Brand 3 cans 25c Big 2½ size CASE 24 cans \$1.98
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Pork & Beans Van Camp's Big 300 size 3 cans 25c
CASE 24 cans \$1.98

FLOUR
HIGHLAND CHIEF Hardwheat
49 lb. bags \$1.49
KITCHEN QUEEN
49 lb. bags \$1.69
CROWN
CROWN BEST PATENT Unbleached
49 lb. bags \$1.87
Crown PANCAKE Flour No. 10 bags 43c

KRE-MEL PUDDING
Chocolate—Vanilla
Caramel—Lemon
3 pkgs. 10c

ARGO STARCH Corn or glass 2 pkg. 15c
KARO SYRUP Light or dark 5 lb. pail 35c
CRACKERS, Salted 2 lb. box 17c
Graham Crackers 2 lb. box 17c
OXYDOL Family size 1½ lb. pkg. 18c
BAKING POWDER K. C. Big 50 oz. can 27c

Fruits and Vegetables POTATOES
Klamath Gems
U. S. No. 2
50 lb. bags 29c
Local Bunch Vegetables
Beets, Carrots, Turnips, Onions
3 for 10c
LETTUCE
Local large heads 2 for 9c
ORANGES
Washington Navels Small
3 dozen 29c
GRAPEFRUIT
Texas Fcy. Large dozen 59c
BANANAS
4 lbs. 19c